

*Mesa Beall*

VOLUME III

NUMBER 7

APRIL

HETUCK





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**THE RACKET WALLPAPER**

**COR. FOURTH AND MAIN**

# HETUCK

VOL. III

NEWARK, OHIO, APRIL, 1903

No. 7

## THE HETUCK

A Monthly Magazine Published by the Seniors of the  
High School, Newark, Ohio.

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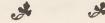
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In an address recently before the High School we were repeatedly reminded that the American girl was deteriorating from the high standard of their colonial ancestors.

We cannot imagine how a wide-awake person of the present day still holds these exploded notions.

The speaker, in talking of the lack of exercise for girls and of their feeble health, evidently has never heard of the Girls' Basket Ball Team or the Golfing Club in his own city. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there has never been a time in the history of America when its girls have so taken to athletic sports and exercise as today. In fact, the only fear is that they are going to the other extreme. It is no longer considered fashionable to be in poor health, as it was fifty years ago. The sickly girl has been replaced by the one with blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes.

We look up to the American girl, healthy, brave and true—to the American girl, ever full of resources, ever ready to help in time of need.



We are glad to say that one tree, at least, was planted by the High School on Arbor Day. Although it

is now a law in our state that the day be observed, still it is too often celebrated without the planting of trees.

One man has said that the true basis of national wealth is not gold, but trees. Those who take an interest in public affairs are beginning to realize the truth of this statement and to see that something must be done, and that right soon.

The great trouble is that people fail to appreciate the immense value of our forests—that we obtain from them food, medicine, paper, utensils and nameless other articles.

The way in which the large forests of South Carolina and many other states were ruthlessly and ignorantly destroyed is a disgrace to the degree of civilization which we Americans so proudly boast of.

We need not go out of our own state for examples. It has not been a half century since Ohio was believed to have an inexhaustible supply of black walnut, and yet if you travel through the state today you will find scarcely a perfect specimen of that tree.

Since it is largely a question of convincing the people of the necessity for keeping up our forests, it is the mission of Arbor Day to spread abroad the knowledge of the worth of our trees. As it is for the coming generation to decide whether the American nation shall advance or decline it is to them that the government has appealed in this matter, and it is trying to teach them what their fathers have disregarded, for the laws require that in schools and colleges this day shall be celebrated.

Yet aside from the point of political economy, there is a truer and a deeper motive in the planting of trees. It is the very love of nature and the unselfish desire to do good for those who come after us.

What a noble nature was the Scotchman's, who, before his death, said to his son: "Jack, when ye haue nothing else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jack, while ye are sleeping."

This love for trees—and for all nature—has a deep influence on our character, for that man must be base indeed who cannot look "through Nature up to Nature's God."

## A MODERN FAIRY TALE

EDNA HENDERSON, '04

Once upon a time there was a High School in Central Ohio that was presided over by a good fairy. The time was not far distant from the present day, the Ohio town was small and isolated, and the good fairy took the form of a benevolent trinity in flesh and blood. It was the Judge, the Judge's wife, and the Judge's daughter June.

The Judge was the most important citizen in Bristol, and the most respected. For twenty years he had occupied the Common Pleas Bench; for twenty years he had been President of the School Board; he owned the best farm, the largest house, and the finest trotting blood in Fairview County, to say nothing of the tile plant, the Bristol Gazette, and the kindest heart that ever beat behind a man's vest pocket. Speaking of this social colossus, a friend with an eye to the eternal fitness of things, once adapted a line from Gray's Elegy to the Judge. "His were hands the rod of empire might have swayed, or waked to ecstasy the living lyre." But the Judge was content to live out his even, country life, without red fire and the blare of trumpets. He did not want to be a celebrity. He just wanted to help public interests, churches and poor folks along the road to prosperity and success. But his chief pride was the Public School. Through his influence it had become a paragon of educational advancement. The High School curriculum was broad enough to fit an ambitious graduate for Freshman rank in any of the largest colleges of the east and no one ever entered upon the Commencement stage in a white lawn tie and a dry throat, or a white lawn gown and quavery knees, but had threaded some part of Euclid and could read at least two Greek odes understandingly. And the orations they submitted to the perspiring audiences below them, were full of ballast, too—the fruit of personal industry and public encouragement.

Each June the Judge presented a valuable medal to the graduate who had ranked highest in his or her Senior grades. It was a custom of many years' standing, and, of course, a matter of spirited competition. But there was never any bitterness about it. The victor was always praised, and the vanquished always took their defeat good naturedly.

At the time of this story, there was a class of eight girls to graduate in June, and at the time of the March examinations there wasn't enough difference

in the grades of the eight to give the slightest hint as to who would be the record breaker two months hence. The contest had grown very warm. The whole High School looked on anxiously, and nearly all the boys had made side bets on the issue. It threatened to take on all the party interest and excitement of a political campaign. For many years before, when there were young men in the race, the grades had been very good, as delinquency of any kind meant disgrace, but this year they were exceptional. In March there were no averages below 96 per cent, and none above 98.

The Judge came up to the High School auditorium one Friday afternoon and made a speech. He said that he had decided to discontinue his practice of giving medals away, which brought all kinds of consternation to his audience. But that the girl who came out best was to accompany his wife to Saratoga for a month's outing in July. And secondly, since the contest was very close and would probably be tied eight times, the winning point was to be given to the one who could produce the best original translation of the fourth book of the Aeneid. Two college presidents and a journalist he knew would decide upon the comparative merits of the several compositions.

The Saratoga prospect filled six hearts with feverish resolve. They belonged to six girls who loved life and gayety, but to whom the seashore was only a glittering dream. Six hearts resolved to do or die, for this prize was the best one offered yet.

But there were two damsels among the eight who received the news with drooping spirits. One of them was the Widow Pence's daughter Ruth, the other the Judge's daughter June.

Ruth was plain and practical and ambitious to win merely for the sake of winning. She was not built by nature for the allurements of seabathing, dancing and social frolics. It was once said of her that she would rather stay home nights and mend stockings than to go on a hay ride over to the Judge's farm, where there was dancing and feasting going on for all the young folks of Bristol who were good mannered and agreeable.

The Judge's daughter was tired of Saratoga. She had been there every summer since she could remember, and she had hoped that the prize would be

the same as it always had been—a gold medal strung on a gold chain and having the winner's name and chef d'œuvre engraved upon it. Money and pleasure had always been thrust at her. She craved an intellectual distinction her father couldn't buy.

Two days before Commencement the verdict as to the Latin translations had arrived and the results, taken with the daily and examination grades, all averaged up. The Superintendent did it. It was a delicate undertaking for him, as he was presumed to show no sign of partiality, but he did it with all fairness, and let the matter stand at that.

Six aspirants fell one per cent below the standard, ninety-eight. There was a tie, as the irony of fate would have it, between the Widow Pence's daughter Ruth and the Judge's daughter June.

The two competitors were called into a private interview at the Judge's order. The Superintendent talked a little while in a congratulatory vein, and then June talked.

"There is nothing for it now, but that Ruth and I draw cuts," she said. "But if my wishes count for anything, we can decide who wins by an easier method than that. Saratoga has no charms for me under the circumstances, and Ruth will grant that I can afford to be generous. I want her to go. She's earned the laurel and she'll enjoy it. I'll stay at home this year, the discipline will do me good. And then—I must confess I wanted something else."

"But you shall not give up to me like that," said Ruth. "I am only too glad to know that my rank is equal with yours. I have no desire to go there. I would be out of place and it would take an outfit I can't afford, to make a respectable appearance. I am just as thankful to you and your father, but I'm like you, I did want something else so much—"

"It appears that I've made a mistake this time," the Judge remarked.

The Superintendent suggested a compromise.

"Let them state what they wanted, and see if it's possible to grant equal favors. Otherwise there should be another competition proposed to decide who really is winner."

"No," said June resolutely, "I'm too tired for anything new, and I'm sure Ruth deserves one more figure added to her general grade. Do it, please, won't you? It'll be a favor I'll appreciate."

"You embarrass me," Ruth hastened to reply. "I assure you that I retire from the contest willingly—"

"What on earth did you want to win?" the Judge

asked, turning to his daughter in the midst of the too woman-like argument.

"A medal. It's the best guarantee of sound brain and hard work, and would be a recommendation to people who had doubts about my mental capacity—that's all."

"And what did you want?" he asked again, turning to Ruth.

"I ask your pardon. I am not ungrateful, but I wanted a medal, too. It would be a recommendation to school directors and I want a school next term, if possible. I promised mother I would win, and that was the most valuable gift I could hope for. As it is, I respectfully ask to be retired from the race."

"Then dismiss us both," said June. "It is plain to be seen we neither of us want to go to Saratoga. If there had only been a medal in the case, I would insist upon a spelling match, a prize essay, or something, in order to run a chance for it. You can do what you please about the other six. Ruth and I are satisfied."

The Judge's forehead fell into a deeper wrinkle.

"The perversity of Eve's daughters is proverbial," he said to the Superintendent. "The winners both retire. That leaves the other six neck to neck at the goal. What am I to do?"

"I'll tell you what," said Ruth, with a sudden inspiration, "send the whole six to Saratoga with mother. I'll stay at home and take care of you."

"That's an extravagant suggestion, but—"

The Superintendent was smiling. He had an interest in Ruth's ambition and he saw the time had come to speak in her behalf without being unduly conspicuous.

"The teacher of our B Grammar grade will resign today," he said. "She's going to be married."

The hint was broad enough. "Very well," replied the Judge, "Miss Ruth Pence may prepare for the necessary examination and we shall see about her being a candidate for the place."

The widow's daughter knew what that word meant. "I don't need any medal now," she said.

"But isn't there any place you want to go this July when all these other butterflies are dancing down to Saratoga?"

She blushed slightly. "You have been too kind," she said. "I don't want to make any more requests. It would be too bold."

"Speak up! I've some pressing business down at

the Court house that can't be put off many minutes longer."

"My grandmother lives in Vermont. Mother hasn't seen her for fifteen years. She is a very old woman now—"

"Superintendent," said the Judge, "don't you think you have shown some bias in your grading the work of these two intractable young women? Could you conscientiously knock off one per cent from each grade and even up the eight. It will produce a big sensation at Commencement, and no one will be disappointed."

The Superintendent said maybe he had shown some bias, and as the Judge suggested, no one would be the wiser if he did allow himself to be corrupted under the circumstances.

"Then," said the Judge as he arose to leave, "June, you and your mother shall take the six to Saratoga. You, Ruth, shall take your mother to Vermont. It will drive me to financial ruin, but it can't be helped," and he added with a beaming smile, "After this I'll stick to the old habit of giving medals. It's less warlike and expensive."

#### BASKET BALL NOTES

Since the game played in Zanesville the Girls' Basket Ball team has been eager to have the team play here, and they have been practicing for some time in preparation for it.

If all goes well the girls hope to have a game here Friday evening, April —.

As the public always seems interested in the Girls' team, this game promises to be successful financially, at least, and the members say that with a fair show they are sure to come out ahead. The team has the best wishes of the whole school for a high score.

It is in April that the student who has been lagging behind usually takes a brace to meet the coming exams., which at that time begin to assume real shape and are no longer vague fears. He begins to see that there is something to be done in school after all. It is all well and good if he does wake up to his work in April, but woe be unto him who leaves it until the first of June.



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## A VISIT TO MARS

FLOSSA HIRSCHBERG, '03

A visit to almost any part of the earth is a common thing today; but a journey to one of the planets is a thing entirely unheard of; yet it is to be accomplished in my story.

Two men set sail from New York in an air-ship, intending to explore the North Polar region. All went well for awhile, and the men were congratulating themselves on getting such a good start. At length they noticed that the air-ship was continuously rising, despite the fact that they were using their utmost power to steer in the desired direction. They soon observed that their efforts were useless and surrendered to fate in great fright.

It was only a few minutes until the ship was so high that it defied gravity. Suddenly the ship began to whiz through the air at a speed never known to man before. Directly in front of them the men saw what was seemingly a small ball, but in almost an instant it had grown to a gigantic mass and they found themselves landed on its surface.

Dumbfounded, dizzy and terror-stricken, they sat staring at each other. They knew not whether they had discovered some new island in the South Pacific or were in a lonely spot in Siberia. They were amazed to see the sun shining brightly when they had left New York in the middle of the night, only 25 minutes before.

A glance at the surroundings proved that it was no earth of ours, while it did prove that it was a planet. Both of the men knew a little about astronomy, and a little thinking was all that was necessary.

They knew that it was night when they started and also that the moon was new, thus both were on the opposite side of the earth from New York. When the ship was so high that gravity ceased to act, then it became attracted by the next nearest heavenly body, which happened to be Mars. Thus they knew that they were on the planet Mars.

Such queer surroundings they had never seen. What we call grass was gray, which made a decided contrast with the scarlet trees. In the spot where the man landed they saw no people nor animals; only birds, which made peculiar noises and had beautiful foliage.

The two men started out to explore the new land. A half hour's walk brought them into the midst of the inhabitants of Mars. What peculiar human be-

ings; dressed in all the colors of the rainbow; with long, green hair, yellow eyes and a lavender complexion; brown finger-nails and blue eye-brows and lashes.

These people were not afraid of the two men and came towards them. Neither were the men frightened, for these odd people appeared to be civilized.

A warm friendship came about at once. But there was one obstacle—how could they ever understand the language of these natives? The men by this time were hungry and began making signs, pointing toward their mouths. The natives all flocked around the men and began looking down their throats to see what was the matter. The men stepped back in disgust. Suddenly the natives walked away and the two men followed. They soon came in sight of the homes of the natives. Their houses were all made of these red trees and all built alike in a rather crude style. There were no streets; only a house here and there, wherever it happened to suit best.

The men followed two of these natives in one of these red houses. The inside was one large room, with a long, red table in the middle, surrounded by a few odd looking chairs. Fancy decorations of all sorts adorned the walls, and in one corner there was what we call a kitchen. The two natives busied themselves preparing food, while the two men looked on amused, wondering if they would like the food.

It was soon ready and they all sat down to the table. The natives said something and went through motions which the two men interpreted as saying grace. Then the natives began to eat. The men observed the manner in which the natives ate and did likewise.

They had black dishes and two red sticks for knives and forks.

After the meal the two natives led them to a large building which the men took for a school house. On entering the building they saw a large number of children who sat at odd looking desks. The only thing that was characteristic of our schools was geometrical figures on the black-board; so they came to the conclusion that they studied geometry. The symbols of their language were very peculiar looking, more like pictures of tree branches than anything else.

The teacher had a long stick of this red wood in

his hand and the two men wondered if it was the pointer or the rod of correction. However it was used for neither while they were present. The next place they visited was the house of worship, which was very large and looked very much like a barn.

These two men lived in this strange land for two weeks; every day becoming more and more perplexed over the strange customs of these people. The domestic animals they saw were very different from our animals, as likewise everything else.

The two men went back to their air-ship and set sail, amid the amazement and terror of the natives.

Since two weeks had now elapsed since the new moon, the moon was now full; therefore the first body they struck was the moon. Just as soon as they landed they had to grasp something firmly in order to resist centrifugal force, which evidently was a little stronger than the gravity of the moon.

The two men conversed with the man in the moon, and he said that the atmosphere there was too rare to support an airship, and they began to wonder how they would get back to the earth again.

They finally concluded all that was necessary was to release their hold. They did this, and arrived safely on the coast of the dear old Atlantic.

#### GUN FOR HAIL

In all wine-producing countries, notably California, Italy, Switzerland and the south of France, great damage is frequently wrought among the vines by severe hailstorms. To avert these constant disasters, numerous and costly experiments have been made. Nothing, however, seems to answer so well as a hail-storm dispeller as the discharge of high explosives in cannon especially made for the purpose. It has been found that the firing of a cannon stops the movement of a hurricane, thunder and lightning cease, and rain or melted snow immediately begins to fall.

The explosive used is largely composed of acetylene gas. The upright cylinder with the large mouth sends the force of the explosion directly against the clouds. An acetylene gasometer, a generator, a safety valve, and an apparatus for firing the explosive gas are contained in the hut which protects the cannon.

Newark's New Clothing Store

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## LOCALS

Our reading room is to have two new special periodicals. One is a magazine called "Music," which deals with vocal work. The other is a commercial journal, "The Business World."



Prof. Yeardley has requested each member of the High School to purchase a little pamphlet of special music to be learned for a recital in the near future.



Every member of the High School and of the grammar grades has recently submitted a specimen of their handwriting in the form of a business letter to the superintendent.



Since the vertical writing has been practiced altogether in the grades, some of these specimens are beautiful. It is a relief to know that people are learning to write legible hands, but may the writing of the future generation not be lacking in character through too much training.



Some time this spring specimens of drawing will be handed in to the superintendent by all the grades, from the fifth through the ninth.



The Senior Latin class will have finished Virgil in a short time and will read The Metamorphoses of Ovid.



A series of educational card games are to be introduced in the Central school for the amusement and instruction of the pupils.



Miss Olive Spencer, of the class of 1902, who has been very ill with typhoid fever, is reported better.



Miss Forry has been teaching in the High School, to take the place of Miss Harriet Jones during her illness.

The Alberta Club gave a delightful dance Friday evening, April 3d, at Brennan's Hall, which many High School members attended.

There were about eighty present in all. The chaperons were: Mesdames Warren S. Weiant, David M. Black, Will Davis, Ed Davis and Miss Williams.



Misses Florence Fulton, '03, and Ethel Brillhart, '03, were the guests of Zanesville friends during the vacation.



Miss Joy Edwards visited in Columbus week before last.



Miss Winifred Fulton, '03, during vacation had as her guest Miss Roxy Allen, of this city.



Miss Lulu Starr, '03, spent her vacation in Shelby, Ohio.



Miss Bertha Penny, '04, was the guest of Miss Julia Pritchard, east of the city, vacation week.



Ray Evans, of the Senior Class, has withdrawn from school and accepted a position in the Licking County Bank.



Mr. Tait (assigning lessons in geography)—Tomorrow we will take Turkey and Greece.



Miss Moore—Florence, will you please take the second seat from the third seat from the end?



Mr. Tait—What is the difference between Modern and Ancient Greece?

Harvey—Seven thousand years.



"Doc"—Oh, my name is so long.

Mary—I wish I had the last part of it.

### THE AMOUNT OF WORK WE ARE DOING

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### THE HIGH SCHOOL FRATERNITY

The High School is the happy possessor of one fraternity, the Theta chapter of the Beta Phi. Their color is gold, and the pin is gold, of a beautiful design.

The first meeting was held Friday evening, March 18th, at the home of Brother Lee Moore, on Summit street, and after the regular business session had been completed, the boys had what they call "a rousing good time."

The next meeting was held in Dr. Morse's office. At this meeting it was decided to make Wednesday evening the regular meeting night.

The third meeting was at the home of Brother Hershberger and was very much enjoyed. Dainty refreshments were served during the evening.

The Betas have rooms now and will shortly hold their meetings therein.

### WANTED TO KNOW

Where Lulu S. gets her roses.

Why The Hetuck personals are read in Zanesville. Florence and Ethol say they are.

Whose pin Lulu B. wears.

What kind of literature Mary King reads in school.

Why Homer always writes "per."

Who Frances writes to in Pittsburg.

What Florence means by a strong chin.

Why Joy is so interested in Alexander (the Great).

Why Howard B. likes Howard.

Why are all the Senior girls so fond of Grove H., and if Grove really knows it.

Why Mr. Tait leaves his hat in Room I.

If Ethol B. has changed her ideal since last year.

Why Margaret H. hates the Senior girls.

If Ida M. enjoyed her ten cent dish of ice cream.

Why Warren didn't go to Hot Springs, Arkansas, during vacation.

How Ray E. got his position in the Licking County Bank.

Why more boys don't join our Fraternity—\$5?

What has become of Musa's and Bright's friends in Milwaukee?

When Elsie H. will obey her teacher.

How Marie is connected with Emerson's clothing store.

Woman (appearing before probate judge) — Are you the judge of reprobates? My husband died detested and left five little infidel children, and I want to be appointed their executioner.

## Newark's Greater Store

We have just placed on sale a full and complete line of

### LADIES' SPRING SUITS

All handsomely trimmed, beautifully modeled and man tailored, in black and all colors; the most popular

**\$10.00  
SUIT**

ever shown in Newark. Already selling fast and none should miss seeing them.

### WHITE SPRING WAISTS

50 dozen all new and popular style white wash waists, tucked sleeves and all at

**98c EACH**

**MEYER & LINDORF**

We give Sperry & Hutchinson's  
Green Trading Stamps

## REALIZING HISTORY

F. MARTIN TOWNSEND

VII

Let us imagine ourselves visiting Constantinople, after having finished our experiences in Palestine with a participation in the observance of Easter at the very scene of Christ's resurrection. Sailing from Jaffa, we coast for three or four days, passing Acre, where Napoleon fought the English in 1799; Mount Carmel, the site of the parent convent of the Carmelite Friars; Tyre and Sidon, the venerable and historic capitals of the Phoenicians; Beyrouth, a Syrian city, with a population of a hundred thousand, situated on a fine bay in which St. George, the patron of England, slew the dragon, beholding in the distance Mount Lebanon, 10,000 feet high, whence came those famous cedars for Solomon's Temple. From this port a ninehour trip by rail would terminate at Damascus. We touch at Rhodes, in whose harbor anciently stood one of the seven wonders of the world a colossal statue of a man, standing with a foot on either shore. The island of Patmos has a grotto in which St. John the Divine wrote the Book of Revelation, addressed to the Seven Churches then existing in this vicinity. Samos is passed; then Chios, where Homer was born about 1100 B. C. The steamer stops for half a day or more at Smyrna, the chief commercial center of the Levant, lying along a beautiful bay, 45 miles by 22 miles in dimensions, and having 250,000 inhabitants. St. Polycarp, its learned bishop, was martyred here in 169 A. D. Southward 48 miles lie the ruins of Ephesus, once famed for its splendid Temple of Diana, and for its legend of the "Seven Sleepers." St. Paul wrote one of his epistles there, and the Great Council of Ephesus was held in the year 431.

Continuing our voyage, we have in view the islands of Mitylene, Lemnos and Imbros; also the site of Troy, opposite Tenedos, and Mount Ida. The approach to Constantinople includes 70 miles through the Dardanelles, 100 miles through the Sea of Marmora, and 20 miles along the Bosphorus. At one point, where the Hellespont is only a mile and a half in breadth, Xerxes crossed by a bridge of boats, on his way to attack Athens; and later Alexander transported his army over by a like means. Jason and the Argonauts sailed up the Hellespont in their quest of the Golden Fleece.

One of the most magnificent spectacles earth affords is the approach to Constantinople, the first view being of its distant white buildings and slender

minarets, rising along its seven hills. On the right hand we see the Mosque of Saint Sophia, Galata Tower, Pera, the Sultan's Palace at Beshiktash, and the suburb of Scutari. Rounding Seraglio Point, the steamer glides into the Golden Horn, or harbor, which divides the city into two parts; to the left, Stamboul, to the right, Galata and Pera.

Constantinople, the capital of the Turkish Empire, has a population of one million, and when founded about 600 B. C. was named Byzantium. The Romans captured it in 73 A. D., and in 328 Constantine made it the eastern seat of the Roman Empire, giving it the present name, which signifies the "City of Constantine." The Venetians captured it in 1261, and added Galata. In 1453 the Turks acquired it after a siege of 53 days. Throughout its changeful and eventful history it has continued to be essentially a city of Greeks, even despite Turkish occupation and domination. It is the dream of Greece to regain its right-fold hold of this city, wrested from it thrice with the shedding of much blood. The Turks are comparatively newcomers, having no valid claims at all, and preserving their grasp merely because Europe is not ready to force them out, lacking agreement as to what power shall assume control. Russia wants it, England would like it, and Greece deserves it. Were the powers of Europe in accord, Turkish domination would fall speedily and forever. Meantime under its present misrule, it is a city of political corruption, unclean, undeveloped, lacking in most modern conveniences. We submit to a system of elaborate robbery all the time during our stay, beginning with the bribe we must pay the customs officer on landing. The nominal head of the Empire is the Sultan, who keeps himself secluded for fear of being assassinated or poisoned, and who is forced to bribe his retainers at a daily cost of \$10,000. The business men, the property holders, and the wealthy residents generally are a helpless prey to extortioners who swoop down upon them at will. Resistance would be followed by a series of disasters, such as mysterious fires, the confiscation of property, sudden death by strange "accidents." All the streets are infested with gaunt, snarling, hostile yellow dogs, which make going about decidedly difficult and dangerous for pedestrians. Some people are so easily irritated by annoyances such as these that they hasten away from Constan-

tinople, declaring there is nothing there worth seeing, and bemoaning the time and expense sacrificed in coming. As travelers sensibly taking things as we find them, and bent on learning the world as it is, we soon discover that this aged city has much to teach us, both old and new.

The "Franks," that is to say Europeans and Americans, occupy Pera, which is comparatively clean and handsome, with modern buildings, paved streets, electric lights, and several good hotels, in one of which we install ourselves. Pera means "beyond," is reached by a steep street, and extends two miles along a hill. An underground traction line connects it with Galata. One of its finest edifices is the Crimean Memorial Church, built by the English in commemoration of their soldiers slain in the war with Russia.

Galata is the chief business quarter of European merchants. All have heard of the famous iron bridge connecting it with Stamboul, the original Byzantium. The crowd ever crossing this bridge is the most cosmopolitan to be seen anywhere in the world, a mingling of all kinds of Asiatics and Europeans, in great variety of strange costumes. In going about we soon learn to use the saddle horses for hire at street corners, the owners of which walk or run beside them with whips, carrying our wraps and parcels. Fifteen thousand caiques, resembling gondolas without seats, ply the waterways, in which passengers sit very quietly on the bottom, likely to get an involuntary Turkish bath if they step incautiously.

The great mosques, so conspicuous in pictures for their mammoth domes as well as minarets, are in Stamboul. Of these Santa Sophia (Holy Wisdom) is of intense interest to us, because for many centuries it was a Christian Cathedral of the Greek Church, though appropriated for Mohammedan worship by the Turks since the conquest. In 1453 many Christians seeking refuge were mercilessly slaughtered by their captors before its shrines. It was dedicated in 360 A. D. by Constantine the Second. Its wonderful dome, 115 feet across, the first of its kind, inspired Brunelleschi to create the mighty crown of the Cathedral at Florence, the forerunner of the similar domes on St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's in London. Passing the narthex (courtyard) and the sixteen bronze gates, we behold the many stately columns treasured here, brought from pagan temples of previous celebrity, among them six of green jasper from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and six of

porphyry from Aurelian's Temple of the Sun at Rome. We regard almost with veneration the mosaics in the dome, because they remain just as placed there by the sturdy Christians of sixteen centuries ago seeking to express the glories of their faith.

All mosques are quite alike in their arrangement and decoration. At a fountain in the outer courtyard each Moslem worshipper performs his ablutions before entering the sacred edifice. At the door he leaves his shoes. The interior of each bears eight huge shields, on which are inscribed in Arabic letters the names of Allah, Mohammed, Abu Bekr, Hasman, Hossein, Omar, Osman and Ali. No pictures, nor carvings of men or animals are permitted. There are no pews or chairs, the worshippers kneeling on prayer rugs having interwoven symbols and inscriptions, familiar to us in the designs of genuine Oriental tapestries. The pulpit is conspicuous. A small shrine called the Mihrab indicates the exact direction of Mecca, facing which the followers of Islam kneel in their devotions. The Mohammedan religion embraces many features in imitation of Jewish beliefs and customs, and to some extent it has borrowed from Christian teachings and rites as exemplified in the Greek church. Christ is honored as a prophet, ranking next to Mohammed. From a little gallery in the upper part of each minaret, the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer five times each twenty-four hours, chanting always the same ascription, of which a translation runs: "God is great—There is but one God—Mohammed is the prophet of God — Prayer is better than sleep—Come to prayer!"

Wherever he may be, whatever he may be doing, at these appointed hours every Mohammedan kneels facing Mecca, and offers silent prayer. Friday is the sacred day of the week. Mohammedans never eat meat, nor taste of intoxicating beverages. Adjoining each mosque is the sepulchral chapel of its founder. Looking through the grated windows, we can see the coffins, surrounded by shawls and turbans, with lamps continually burning. Every true descendant of Mahomet wears a green fez or turban, if a man, and a green ribbon if a woman.

Of the many objects of historical interest in Constantinople, two will impress us especially, the Serpentine Column and the Hooped Stone. The first is in the Hippodrome, an open area designed for a race-course, begun by the Roman emperor Septimus Severus and finished by Constantine. The Serpentine Column is a brass pillar, formerly the Tripod at the

Temple of Apollo in Delphi, made of metal taken from the Persians by the Greeks at the battle of Platea. The heads of the entwining serpents were cut off by Mahomet II after capturing the city, in obedience to the Koran's prohibition of representations of animals. Near by is an obelisk, brought hither from Thebes in 390 by Theodosius. The Hooped Stone, or Burnt Column, a porphyry pillar, was the Palladium brought from Rome by Constantine. On its summit once stood the statue of Apollo, by Pheidias, long since disappeared. On its base the first Christian emperor placed the inscription: 'O Christ, ruler and master of the world, to Thee have I consecrated this city and the power of Rome. Guard it, and deliver it from every harm.'

#### ALUMNI NOTES

'02. The many friends of Olive Spencer will be glad to learn that she is steadily improving, after a long siege of typhoid fever.

'01. Howard Brillhart and friend, Mr. Niemyre, of Columbus, were guests at chapel during their spring vacation.

'02. Aaron Warman and Louie Daerr spent their vacation in Newark, visiting N. H. S. during their stay.

We take the liberty of printing the following poem, as it is from the pen of one of Newark High's graduates, Ralph Miller, '01:

#### DEATH OF THE DAY

A touch of the chill in warmth-laden breeze—  
A shadow here and there,  
The birds piping shrill above in the trees,  
Make vibrant to me the air.  
The leaping—glowing—fading—west,  
A sudden quiet overhead—  
Now Nature sleeps, the world's at rest,  
Another day is dead.

The following poem also appeared in The Denisonian Verse Number. It is by Julia Hall McCune, of the class of 1900:

#### ON SUGAR LOAF

The calm, the mist, the moon-lit air,  
The farm light on the distant hill;  
Save from the rippling of the stream  
And night birds, all is still.  
The majesty of countless stars  
Calls to the souls—with answering cry  
It merges into spotless love  
And there is lost the finite I.

#### THE WAY OF A MAID

It was the way in which he told it, and the supercilious manner that rankled; not the fact that a woman is very ridiculous at times in the eyes of men.

To be sure, when a man dashes across the street in front of a train that is madly tearing through space, and then stands and watches it pass, with a rapt expression upon his face, and then quietly walks away, one naturally thinks, "That is so like a man," but when one of the sex tells of the doings of a woman under trying (?) circumstances, one hardly feels like saying, "So like a woman." It doesn't sound very loyal, does it?

And this story may not be true; one isn't always safe in believing everything.

"I saw a pretty young woman on the street car the other day open her silvery chatelaine bag and take out a coin purse, close the bag and open the purse; take out a quarter and close the purse; open the bag and put the purse in it, snap the bag and hand the coin to the conductor for tickets. Then she opened the bag and took out the purse, closed the bag and opened the purse, put the tickets in and closed the purse, opened the bag and put in the purse; snapped it shut, and settled back in her seat; felt her belt at the back, smoothed her hair at the sides, straightened her hat, felt for her handkerchief in her blouse to see if it were there, and it was, I suppose, and she was all right, according to my idea, and very sweet; wasn't it just like a woman, all that sort of thing?"

Not by any means!

#### THE LOCAL BOX

This month there were several communications in the Local box that were of entirely too personal a nature to appear in The Hetuck. Nothing will be objected to that is simply a good joke on some one, but nothing that will hurt any one's feelings will be printed, and it is useless to hand such matter in. The purpose of the Local box is a help to The Hetuck, not to be filled with spiteful words about our schoolmates.

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" roared Sammy; "Billy's eaten all my cake."

"You said I might have a bite," said Billy, "and it isn't my fault if my bite is as big as your cake."

## ROUND TABLE

From some of the remarks in the High School News, we find that Virgil is translated in St. Louis, Mo., in just about as eloquent a style as it is in Newark, O.

The poem, "Phoebe Puncheon," in the Orange and Black, is very good indeed.

The cover of the Drury Academe is not pleasing, to say the least.

The exchange column is not what we would expect from such a good paper in other respects as the X-Rays, from the East High School of Columbus, O., seems to be.

We are pleased that the Echo takes interest enough in our paper to inquire the meaning of "Hetuck." Ohio is called the Buckeye State, and "Hetuck" means Big Buckeye.

The drawing on the first page of the Messenger is certainly beautiful.

The Mirror of February has some good poetry.

The Otterbein Aegis is good, as it usually is. We think, however, that the exchange column could be improved.

The editorial department of the Purple and Gold is handled well.

The poem in the January number of the Nugget is good, but the poem in the April number of the Purple and Gold is not fancied in the least.

The Portland High School Cardinal has some good stories in the February number.

There is very great improvement in the Knot as it arrives each month.

It may be that the College Folio deserves some credit for trying to have an exchange column, even if it is not such a success as might be desired. Otherwise the paper is very good.

The comet, from West Pittson, Pa., comes to us each month in our own class colors, green and white, so, of course, we feel very friendly toward it.

We feel that we may again compliment the Moccasin on having a very pleasing cover. The cover on the February number is good, just as those of the preceding numbers have been.

We are glad to greet the Observer, from Central Falls, N. Y.

The Tattler is one of the few papers which got up a special cover for the February number. The design is especially good, and the artist deserves credit.

The Red and Black is very good all the way through.

The size of the Warwick Institute Life reminds us that valuable articles always come in small packages.

We believe, from looking over the Aegis, of Beverly, Mass., that quite a good many of the students show an interest in their paper by writing articles for it. This should be encouraging to the editor.

The High School Oracle has some good articles in the February issue.

We are pleased to see that the Chenewa American has an exchange column.

The Fram is wonderfully improved in appearance, and in contents as well.

The Student has a beautiful Easter cover. This is the only paper we have received thus far having an Easter design.

We wish to say that the March number of the Student expresses exactly our opinion on the advertising question. So we say, yes, Student, those are our sentiments, too.

Some stories would improve the Sentinel.

The article, Our Blind Hymn Poet, in the High School Oracle, is well worth reading by every one. It surely ought to make us more thankful for our blessings which we enjoy every day.



There are too many jokes in the exchange column of the Interlude.



The Twentieth Century Chat has improved greatly in appearance.



We believe that the editors of the most of the papers we receive must be proof against "spring fever," for it doesn't seem to have had its effect on the contents of their papers.



The literary material of the Mercury is good.



The Dynamo is one of the best papers we receive.

### A QUEER RAILROAD

In Japan there is a railroad which differs from any other on the globe.

Instead of using engines, it is run by coolie power, and although it may seem strange to us, the system works fairly well. There is but one coach to the "train," which seats eight or nine persons. To each car there are two coolies, one who works the brake on the front platform, and the other, who pushes the car from behind.

When they reach a steep grade, both of the coolies get off and push, but on down grades they get on the car and let it run by its own momentum.

The road, which connects two famous watering places, is twenty miles in length and is usually quite well patronized.

The cars are not as crude as we might suppose, but on the contrary, are as comfortably finished as a great many street car lines in America.

There are first, second and third class coaches on the line, the first class ones being finished in hard wood and nicely upholstered.

Theorem—The longest way around is the shortest way home. Given—A boy and a girl and a pleasant evening. To prove that 10 blocks around is shorter than 4 blocks straight across.—Ex.

### IN THE PALACE OF THE KING

(A REVIEW)

Don John of Austria the half brother of King Philip of Spain, falls in love with Dolores de Mendoza, who is the daughter of one of the servants of the king, but who nevertheless was thought very well of. Dolores returns his love, but her father is determined to keep them apart, fearing that should he permit them to marry, reasons of state might compel Don John to renounce his bride. Dolores refuses to obey her father when he orders her not to see her lover any more, whereupon the old don threatens to send her to a convent on the morrow.

After having an interview with his daughter, he locks her securely in her apartments, but by mistake he also locks her blind sister, Inez, in. The sisters are very fond of each other, and especially so because Inez is blind. With her sister's assistance Dolores is dressed in court dress, and wearing her sister's long black coat, she escapes from her apartments. She had intended going to the Duchess Alvarez and going to court with her, but on her way she meets Don John by accident in the corridor, and as her father had threatened to kill Don John if he was seen trying to enter Dolores' apartments and was much danger of their being seen together, so Don John takes Dolores to his own apartments and leaves her there while he goes to wait upon the king.

The Princess Eboli, noticing that Dolores is not at court, seeks out Mendoza and by skillful questioning finds out why Dolores was not present, and persuades him to place his daughter in her charge, for she hopes thereby to further a plot in which she is interested, which is to make Don John king. When the princess goes to the girls' room Inez tricks her into believing that she is Dolores, and after accompanying her a short distance, escapes from her. After leaving the king, Don John returns to Dolores and tells her that his majesty purposes paying him a visit. Presently the king comes, accompanied by Mendoza, Dolores' father. Finding the door leading into the room in which Dolores is concealed is locked, Philip grows suspicious, and as Don John says he has not the key, he sends Mendoza for it. But on his way out Mendoza runs across Inez, who was seeking Dolores, and as Inez was clad in Dolores' garments, he takes her for Dolores. In the meantime the king and Don John have a quarrel and the king threatens to have Dolores tortured, as he does not wish their marriage. This makes Don John very angry, and

the king, thinking he wants to draw swords, whips his out and stabs Don John. At this moment Mendoza returns and seeing the king has slain his brother, Don John, he offers to give himself up as the murderer. After the king and Mendoza go away, Dolores comes from her place of concealment, where she has overheard all that has passed, and throws herself on the body of her lover. Here Adonis, the King's jester, finds her, and carries her out in the garden. She is joined by Inez, who has heard of the murder. In the meantime Philip goes back to court, as there is a fete in progress. While the people were assembled in the dancing hall, Mendoza comes and declares himself the murderer. Dolores finds out what her father has done, and in order to save her father from the scaffold, she declares him innocent, and tells how she heard all, as she was in the adjoining room. She tells the king this, and unless he will sign her father's pardon, she will tell the public his crime, so he signs the pardon.

In the meantime Inez went to the dead body of Don John, and while there he began to show signs of life, and finally fully revived. He had not been stabbed—it was only a scratch, but the fall on the marble had stunned him, so that he was utterly unconscious. When Dolores found this out she was overjoyed, and Don John immediately sent the jester for a priest, that they might be married before any one could interfere.

When the king found out that the ceremony was over, he raised no objections, for fear people would find out that he had attempted the life of his brother.

### THE CHINESE MAGIC LANTERNS

How They Differ from Those in Use in This Country

The magic lantern, like porcelain, gunpowder and printing, must have been an invention of the Chinese. For more than twenty centuries it has been a staple amusement in the celestial empire, and has been developed in many forms unknown to the occident. The middle kingdom, which has been well termed topsy-turvy land, uses the magic lantern in just the opposite manner from what we do, having the light and picture behind the screen, the same as in our parlor amusement of shadowgraphs. The commonest form of the magic lantern in the extreme orient is a large box, supported on a tripod or four-legged table. The box is about four feet wide, by

two high, and its front is made of ground glass, oiled silk or oiled white paper.

Over the box is a light framework of bamboo and cloth, which reaches to the ground and conceals the operator from the audience, but leaves the glass exposed to view. A powerful lamp in front of a concave reflector throws a strong light upon the glass or screen, as the case may be. The top of the box and sides are half open to permit the introduction of small figures. This arrangement gives four distinct classes of instruments. With all four instruments, the exhibitions are given in the streets, squares and market places. They draw audiences ranging from five to thirty, and give an entertainment of from five to fifteen minutes in length. Each spectator is supposed to contribute one cash, or the twentieth part of a cent, when the hat is passed around. Generous or enthusiastic patrons frequently give 10 to 15 cash, so that the average performance nets the proprietor about two cents. This seems ridiculous to Americans, but in a land where an able-bodied man can be hired for five cents a day, the owner of a successful magic lantern is looked upon as a very well-to-do individual. One of these "shows" recently made its appearance in Mott street, the owner of it, an ex-laundryman from Canton, making in and about Chinatown and the Bowery from a dollar to a dollar and a half per day.

The little plays which are written about the magic figures are as conventional as our own immortal Punch and Judy. The "wicked tiger" depicts the career of a dissolute animal, who from killing pigs, dogs and buffaloes, finally eats a beautiful maiden, and is slain by a Mongolian chief in full armor on horseback. The "wicked wife" forms a compact with the devil, squanders her husband's substance in riotous living, and in the last scene hangs herself in a blaze of red fire. "The cruel magician," "the graceful dragon," "the fairy foxes" and other bits of eastern folklore afford brief sketches, which are now as familiar as household words.—New York Evening Post.

Teacher—Give me a sentence using the word "debate."

Little Boy—When I goes a-fishing I always splits on de-bate for good luck.

A Missouri farmer, seeing an advertisement for a good fire escape for two dollars, sent for it. In a few days he received a copy of the New Testament, and declared that he had been swindled.



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